THE JEW OF VENICE.

A

COMEDY.

Written Originaly

By Mr. Wm. SHAKESPEAR.

Now altered & very much improved,

By the Hon. M. GRANVILLE.



Printed for T. JOHNSON,
Bookseller at the Hague.

M. DCC. XI.

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ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

THE Foundation of the following Comedy being liable to ſome Objections, it may be wonder'd that any one ſhould make Choice of it, to beſtow ſo much Labour upon: But the judicious Reader will obſerve ſo many Manly and Moral Graces in the Characters and Sentiments, that he may excuſe the Story, for the Sake of the Ornamental Parts. Undertakings of this kind are juſtify'd by the Examples of thoſe Great Men who have employ'd their Endeavours the ſame Way. The only Dramatique Attempt of Mr. *Waller* was of this Nature, in his Alterations of the *Maids Tragedy:* To the Earl of *Rocheſter* we owe *Valentinian:* To the Duke of *Buckingham*, *The Chances.* Sir *William Davenant* and Mr. *Dryden* united in reſtoring the *Tempeſt: Troilus* and *Creſſida*, *Timon*, and King *Lear*, were the Works

of three ſucceeding Laureats: Beſides many others, too many to mention. The Reader may pleaſe moreover to take Notice, (that nothing may be imputed to *Shakeſpear* which may ſeem unworthy of him) that ſuch Lines as appear to be markt (,,) are Lines added, to make good the Connexion where there was a neceſſity to leave out; in which all imaginable Care has been taken to imitate the ſame faſhion of Period, and turn of Stile and Thought with the Original. What other Alterations have been requiſite, as to the change of Words, or ſingle Lines, the Conduct of Incidents, and Method of Action throughout the whole Piece, to bring it into the Form and Compaſs of a Play, would be ſuperfluous to examin; every Reader being able to ſatisfy himſelf, if he thinks fit, by comparing.



PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Written by *Bevill Higgons*, Eſq;

The Ghoſts of *Shakeſpear* and *Dryden* ariſe, Crown'd with Lawrel.

Dryden.

THis radiant Circle, reverend Shakeſpear, *view;*
An Audience only to thy Buskin due.
Shakeſ. *A Scene ſo noble, antient* Greece *ne'er ſaw,*
Nor Pompeys Dome, *when* Rome *the World gave Law.*
I feel at once both Wonder and Delight.
By Beauty warm'd, tranſcendently ſo bright,
Well, Dryden, *might'ſt thou ſing; well may theſe Heros fight.*
Dryd. *With all the outward Luſtre, which you find,*
They want the nobler Beauties of the Mind.
Their ſickly Judgments, what is juſt, refuſe,
And French Grimace, Buffoons, *and Mimicks chooſe;*
Our Scenes deſert, ſome wretched Farce to ſee;
They know not Nature, for they taſte not Thee.
Shakeſ. *Whoſe ſtupid Souls thy Paſſion cannot move,*
Are deaf indeed to Nature and to Love.
When thy Ægyptian *weeps, what Eyes are dry!*
Or who can live to ſee thy Roman *dye.*
Dryd. *Thro' Perſpectives revers'd they Nature view,*
Which give the Paſſions Images, not true.
Strephon *for* Strephon *ſighs; and* Sapho *dies,*
Shot to the Soul by brighter Saphos *Eyes:*
No Wonder then their wand'ring Paſſions roam,

PROLOGUE.

And feel not Nature, whom th' have overcome.
For ſhame let genial Love prevail agen,
You Beaus Love Ladies, and you Ladies Men.
Shakeſ. *Theſe Crimes unknown, in our leſs poliſht Age,*
Now ſeem above Correction of the Stage.
Leſs Heinous Faults, our Juſtice does purſue;
To day we puniſh a Stock-jobbing Jew.
A piece of Juſtice, terrible and ſtrange;
Which, if purſu'd, would make a thin Exchange.
The Laws Defect, the juſter Muſe ſupplies,
Tis only we, can make you Good or Wiſe,
Whom Heaven ſpares, the Poet will Chaſtiſe.
Theſe Scenes in their rough Native Dreſs were mine;
But now improv'd with nobler Luſtre ſhine:
The firſt rude Sketches Shakeſpears *Pencil drew,*
But all the ſhining Maſter-ſtroaks are new.
This Play, ye Criticks, ſhall your Fury ſtand,
Adorn'd and reſcu'd by a faultleſs Hand.
Dryd. *I long endeavour'd to ſupport thy Stage,*
With the faint Copies of thy Nobler Rage,
But toyl'd in vain for an Ungenerous Age.
They ſtarv'd me living; nay, deny'd me Fame,
And ſcarce now dead, do Juſtice to my Name.
Wou'd you repent? Be to my Aſhes kind,
Indulge the Pledges I have left behind.



EPI-

EPILOGUE.

EAch in his turn, the Poet and the Prieſt,
Have view'd the Stage, but like falſe Prophets gueſs'd:
The Man of Zeal in his Religious Rage
Would ſilence Poets, and reduce the Stage.
The Poet raſhly, to get clear, retorts
On Kings the Scandal, and beſpatters Courts.
Both err; for without mincing, to be plain,
The Guilt is yours of every Odious Scene.
The preſent time ſtill gives the Stage its Mode,
The Vices which you practice, we explode;
We hold the Glaſs, and but reflect your Shame,
Like Spartans, *by expoſing, to reclaim.*
The Scribler, pinch'd with Hunger, writes to dine,
And to your Genius muſt conform his Line;
Not lewd by Choice, but meerly to ſubmit;
Would you encourage Senſe, Senſe would be writ.
Plain Beauties pleas'd your Sires an Age ago,
Without the Varniſh and the Dawb of Show.
At vaſt Expence we labour to our Ruine,
And court your Favour with our own undoing.
A War of Profit mitigates the Evil,
But to be tax'd and beaten, is the Devil.
How was the Scene forlorn, and how deſpis'd,
When Tymon, *without Muſick moraliz'd?*
Shakeſpears *ſublime in vain entic'd the Throng.*
Without the Charm of Purcels *Syren Song.*
In the ſame Antique Loom theſe Scenes were wrought,
Embeliſh'd with good Morals and juſt Thought:
True Nature in her Nobleſt Light you ſee,
E're yet debauch'd by modern Gallantry,
To trifling Teſt, and fulſom Ribaldry.
What Ruſt remains upon the ſhining Maſs
Antiquity may privilege to paſs.
'Tis Shakeſpears *Play, and if theſe Scenes miſcarry,*
Let Gormon *take the Stage — or Lady* Mary.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Baſſanio. }
Antonio. } Gentlemen of *Venice*, and Friends.
Gratiano. Their Companion.
Lorenzo. In Love with *Jeſſica*.
Shylock. The Jew.
Duke of *Venice*,

WOMEN.

Portia. A Rich Heireſs.
Neriſſa. Her Friend.
Jeſſica. Daughter to the Jew.

Officers belonging to the Court of Juſtice, Servants and Attendants, Men and Women.

SCENE *Venice.*



THE JEW OF VENICE.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.

Enter Baſſanio, Antonio, Gratiano, *and* Lorenzo.

Antonio.

I Hold the World, but as a Stage, *Gratiano*;
„ Where every Man muſt play ſome certain Part;
And mine's a ſerious one.

Grat. Laughter and Mirth be mine;
Why ſhould a Man, whoſe Blood is warm and young,
Sit like his Grandſire, cut in Alablaſter!
Sleep, when he wakes, and creep into the Jaundice,
By being peeviſh! I tell thee what, *Antonio!*
I love thee, and it is my Love that ſpeaks;

There are a ſort of Men, whoſe Viſages
Do cream and mantle, like a ſtanding Pond;
And do a wilfull Stillneſs entertain,
„ Screwing their Faces in a politick Form,
„ To cheat Obſervers with a falſe Opinion
Of Wiſdom, Gravity, profound Conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, I am, Sir, an Oracle.
Oh my *Antonio!* I do know of theſe,
Who therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; But more of this.
Another time. „ Let you and I, *Lorenzo*,
„ Take a ſhort turn: Once more, my Friends, be merry.
„ All have their Follies; merry Fools are beſt.
„ *Lorenzo* come, Sir Gravities, Farewell,
I'll end my Exhortation after Dinner.

[*Exeunt* Grat. *and* Lorenz.

Baſſa. Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing; More than any Man in all *Venice*. His Reaſons are two Grains of Wheat, hid in two Buſhels of Chaff; You may ſeek all day e're you find 'em, and when you have 'em, they are not worth the Search.

Anto. Well, tell me now, what Lady is the ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret Pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

Baſſa. 'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*,
How much I have diſabled my Eſtate
By ſomething ſhowing a more ſwelling Port,
Than my faint Means would grant continuance:
Nor would I now make ſuit to be abridg'd,
From ſuch a noble Rate, but my chief Care
Is to come fairly off, from the great Debts
Wherein my Time, ſomething too prodigal,
Has left me bound. To you, *Antonio*,
I owe the moſt in Mony and in Love.

Anto.

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Anto. , My Friend can owe me nothing ; we are one ,
,, The Treaſures I poſſeſs , are but in Truſt ,
,, For him I love. Speak freely your Demand ,
And if it ſtand , as you your ſelf ſtill do ,
Within the Eye of Honour , be aſſur'd ,
My Purſe , my Perſon , my extreameſt Means ,
,, Are all my Friends.
Baſſa. In my School days , when I had loſt one Shaft ,
I ſhot his Fellow off the ſelf-ſame Flight ,
The ſelf-ſame way , with more advis'd Regard ;
And by advent'ring both , I oft found both.
I owe you much , and like a Prodigal ;
That , which I owe , is loſt ; but , if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another Arrow , that ſelf way ,
Which you did ſhoot the firſt ; I do not doubt ,
As I will watch the Aim , or to find both ,
Or bring your latter Hazard back again ,
And thankfully reſt Debtor for the firſt.
Anto. You know me well , and herein ſpend but Time ,
To wind about my Love with Circumſtance.
,, Believe me , my *Baſſanio* , 'tis more wrong
,, Thus to delay the Service of your Friend ,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have.
,, Is this to be a Friend ? With bluſhing Cheek ,
,, With down caſt Eyes , and with a faltring Tongue ,
,, We ſue to thoſe we doubt : Friendſhip is plain ,
,, Artleſs , familiar , confident and free.
,, Ask then as you wou'd grant , were yours the Power ;
,, Were yours the Power , ſo would I ask of you :
,, No longer heſitate. Give me to know
,, What you wou'd have me do , and think it done.
Baſſ. , Then briefly thus. In *Belmont* is a Lady
Immenſly rich , and yet more fair than rich.

,, And

„ And vertuous as she's fair; sometimes from her Eyes
I have receiv'd kind speechless Messages.
Her name is *Portia*: you have heard her Fame,
From the Four Corners of the World, the Winds
Blow in, from every Coast, adoring Crowds;
The watry Kingdom, whose ambitious Head
Spets in the Face of Heaven, is no Bar
„ To emulous Love, as o'er a Brook they come
„ To Anchor at her Heart: Her Sunny Locks
Hang on her Temples, like a golden Fleece,
For which these many *Jasons* sail in Quest.
O my *Antonio*, had I but the Means
To hold a Rival-Place with one of 'em!

Anto. The Means be thine, if I can find the Means;
My present Fortunes are, thou know'st, at Sea.
No Money, nor Commodity is left me
„ To raise immediate Sums. Therefore go forth,
Try what my Credit can in *Venice* do.
It shall be rack'd even to the uttermost
„ To furnish thy Desires: „ Nay, no set Speech
„ Of formal Thanks, which I must blush to hear.
Go, presently enquire. And so will I,
Where Mony is: „ In Friendship, who receives,
„ Obliges, by Acceptance, him that gives.

[*Exeunt.*

SCE-

SCENE Changes to *Belmont*.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Portia.

IN ſhort, *Neriſſa*, my little Body is weary of this Great World.

Neriſſ. It might indeed, if your Wants were as great as your Plenty. For ought I ſee, they are as ſick, who ſurfeit with too much, as thoſe who ſtarve with too little;

„ From whence I conclude, that Happineſs is „ ſeated in the Mean: Superfluity brings Care, „ Care both robs us of our Time, and ſhortens our „ Days; But Competency is the eaſieſt and the longeſt „ Livet.

Port. Good Sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Neriſſ. They wou'd be better, if well follow'd.

Port. It is a good Divine, who follows his own Teaching; I could eaſier inſtruct Twenty, what were good to do, than be one of the Twenty, to follow my own Inſtruction. The Brain may deviſe Laws for the Blood; „ but the hot Part will be „ ſure to get the better of the cold? But what is „ all this to my chooſing a Husband? Ah me! The „ Word Chooſe: I am neither to chooſe whom I „ like, nor refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the Pleaſure „ of a Living Daughter reſtrain'd by the Will of a „ dead Father. Was ever Woman ty'd to ſuch hard „ Laws, *Neriſſa*? Neither to chooſe, nor refuſe?

Neriſſ. Your Father was ever virtuous; and holy Men at their Deaths have often good Inſpirations; wherefore in this Lottery, which he dying deviſ'd, in theſe Three Caskets of Gold, Silver and Lead, whereof who chooſes his Meaning chooſes you, I have Super-

Superſtition „ enough to believe the Benefit Lot is „ deſtin'd for The beſt Deſerver.

„ Love is at beſt, but a Lottery to all. Your Caſe „ looks different, but is in Effect the ſame with the „ reſt of the World: For it is Fortune that always „ decides. —

And now pray diſcover to whom of this Retinue of Suitors ſtand your Affections moſt inclin'd?

„ Never was Woman ſo ſurrounded as you are.

Port. „ *Penelope* was but a poor Princeſs to *Portia*; But come, out with your Liſt; Read me the Names, And according as I deſcribe, gueſs at my Inclinations.

Ner. „ What a long Liſt is here! Alas for poor „ Men, that among ſo many, but one can be „ happy!

Port. „ Alas! for poor Woman! that when ſhe „ might have ſo many, ſhe muſt have but one; but „ come, a Truce to moral Reflections: Read, „ read.

Ner. Imprimis, here in the front, ſtands Monſieur *le Comte*, your French Lover.

Port. „ Of himſelf, thou mean'ſt: He has more „ Tricks than a Baboon: If my Bird ſings, he „ ſtrait falls a capering; He will fence with his own „ Shadow; nor is his Tongue leſs nimble than his „ Heels. I would as ſoon marry my Squirrel, or „ my Monkey.

Ner. What think you then of your Engliſhman? he comes next.

Port. „ The Frenchmans Ape: No, give me an Original, whatever it be. The Ape of an Ape muſt needs be a ſtrange Monſter.

Neriſſ. „ *Myn Heer van Gutts*, the Dutchman, how like you him?

Port. Very vilely in the Morning, when he is ſober: And more vilely in the Afternoon, when he is drunk;

At

At beſt, he is worſe than a Man; and at worſt, no better than a Beaſt: I will do any thing, *Neriſſa*, e're I'll be marry'd to a Sponge.

Neriſſ. For any thing I find, this Lottery is not like to be fair drawn: For if he ſhould chooſe the right Casket, you'll refuſe to perform your Fathers Will.

Port. Therefore, I prithee, Set a Bumper of Rheniſh on the contrary Casket; for if the Devil be within, and the Temptation without, I know he will chooſe it.

„ *La Seignora Gutts!* oh hideous! what a Sound „ would there be in the Mouth of an Italian?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Some of the Strangers, Madam, deſire to take their Leaves: And there are others juſt arriv'd, and alighting at the Gate.

Port. Would ſome one, would come, to whom I could bid Welcome; as heartily, as I can bid all theſe, Farewell.

„ There is a Man, *Neriſſa*, ſuch a Man; But what „ we wiſh, either never arrives, or is always longeſt „ in coming.

Fellow, go before: *Neriſſa*, come: Whilſt we ſhut out one Lover, another knocks at the Gate.

Neriſſ. „ This Lottery will certainly be drawn full.

[*Exeunt.*

SCE-

SCENE returns to *Venice*.

Enter Baſſanio, *and* Shylock *the Jew*.

Shylock.

THree Thouſand Ducats. Well.

Baſſ. Ay Sir, for Three Months.

Shyl. For Three Months. Well.

Baſſ. And as I told you, *Antonio* will be bound.

Shyl. *Antonio* bound. Well.

Baſſ. Will you oblige me, ſhall I know your Anſwer?

Shyl. Three Thouſand Ducats for Three Months, and *Antonio* bound!

Baſſ. Your Anſwer to that?

Shyl. *Antonio* is a good Man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any Imputation to the contrary?

Shyl. No, no, no; my Meaning in ſaying he is a good Man, is to have you underſtand that I think him a ſufficient Man. „ When a Man is rich, we „ ſay He is a good Man; as on the contrary, „ when he has nothing, we ſay a Poor Raſcal: „ 'tis the Phraſe, 'tis the Phraſe. Let me Con- „ ſider: one *Argoſy* from *Tripoli*, another to the *Indies*, A Third at *Mexico*; I underſtand moreover a fourth for *England*; and other Ventures he has, ſcatter'd abroad; but Ventures are but Ventures, Ships are but Planks, Sailers but Men: There are Land-Rats and Water-Rats, Water-Theives and Land-Thieves: And then there is the Peril of Waters, Winds and Rocks. The Man notwithſtanding is a ſufficient Man. Three Thouſand Ducats

ducats — humph — I think I may venture to take his Bond.

Baſs. Be aſſur'd you may.

Shyl. I will be aſſur'd; and that I may be aſſur'd I will bethink me, where I may ſpeak with *Antonio*.

Baſſ. If you will pleaſe to dine with us.

Shyl. Yes, to ſmell Pork; to eat of the Habitation, which your Prophet conjur'd the Devil into. I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo forth, — but I will neither eat with you; drink with you, nor pray with you; that's flat.

Enter Antonio.

Baſſa. Here is Seignior *Antonio*.

Shyl. Aſide.] How like a fawning Publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian.
But more, for that in low Simplicity
He lends out Money *Gratis*, and brings down
The Rate of Uſance, here with us in *Venice*.
If I could catch him once upon the Hip,
I would feed fat the ancient Grudge I bear him.
He hates our Sacred Nation; and he rails
Even there, where Merchants moſt do congregate;
On me, my Bargains, and my well-worn Thrift;
Which he calls Intereſt: Curſed be my Tribe,
If I forgive him.—

Baſſa. Shyloc, do you hear?

Shyl. I was debating of my private Stock:
And if my Computation's right,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the Groſs
Of full Three Thouſand Ducats; what of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of our Tribe
Shall furniſh me; but ſoft! How many Months

Is't you desire?
Rest you fair, good Seignior, [*To Antonio.*
You were the last Man in our Mouths.
Ant. Shylock, altho' I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking or by giving of Excess,
Yet to supply my Friend, I'll break a Custom:
Is he yet resolved, how much will serve?
Shyl. Ay, ay, Three Thousand Ducats.
Anto. And for Three Months?
Shyl. I had forgot, Three Months he told me so,
Well then, your Bond. But soft a little, methoughts
You said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon Advantage?
Anto. I do never use it.
Shyl. When *Jacob* graz'd his Uncle *Labans* Sheep;
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was,
As his wise Mother wrought on his behalf,
The third Possessor, ay, — he was the third.
Anto. And what of him? Did he take Interest?
Shyl. No, not as you wou'd say, directly interest —
„ You know the Story.
„ It was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
For Gain is Blessing, So Men steal it not.
Anto. Was this inserted to make Interest good?
Shyl. Note, my good Seignior! —
Anto. Mark you this, *Bassanio*?
The Devil can cite Scripture for a Turn.
An evil Soul producing holy Witness
Is like a Villain, with a smiling Cheek.
Oh, what a goodly Outside Falshood wears?
Shyl. Seignior *Antonio*, many a time and oft
On the *Ryalto* have you rated me,
About my Monies and my Usances;
Still have I born it with a patient Shrug,
For Sufferance is the Badge of all our Tribe.
You call me Misbeliever, Cut-throat Dog,
And spit upon my Jewish Gaberdine,

And

And all for uſe of that which is my own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my Help:
Go to then, —you come to me, and you ſay
Shylock, we would have Monies;
You that did void your Rheum upon my Beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger Cur
Over your Threſhold: Mony is your Suit,
What ſhou'd I anſwer you? ſhould I not ſay,
Has a Dog Money? Or can a Cur lend
Three Thouſand Ducats? Shall I bend down low,
And in a Bondmans Key, with ſoftned Voice,
And whiſpering Humbleneſs, — Say thus!
Fair Sir, on Wedneſday laſt, you ſpet on me;
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me Dog; and for theſe Courteſies
I'll lend you ſo much Monies.

Anto. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this Money, lend it not
As to thy Friend; for when did Friendſhip take
A Breed of ſordid Mettal of his Friend!
But lend it rather as to thy Enemy,
Who, if he fails, thou may'ſt with better Face
Exact the Penalty.

Shyl. Why, look you, how you ſtorm,
I would be Friends with you, and have your Love!
Forget the Shames that you have ſtain'd me with;
Supply your preſent Wants, and take no Doit
Of Uſance for my Monies — And you'll
Not hear me, —„ were this Offer kind?

Baſſa. This were Kindneſs.

Shyl. This Kindneſs will I ſhew; nay more, I'll take
Antonios ſingle Bond: And that we may henceforth
„ Be Friends, no Penalty will I exact
„ But this, meerly for Mirth — if you repay
Me not on ſuch a day, in ſuch a Place,

Such Sum or Sums as are expreſt — Be this
The Forfeiture.
„ Let me ſee, What think you of your Noſe;
„ Or of an Eye — or of — a Pound of Fleſh
To be cut off, and taken from what Part
Of your Body — I ſhall think fit to name?
„ Thou art too portly, Chriſtian!
„ Too much pamper'd — What ſay you then
„ To ſuch a merry Bond?

Anto. The Jew grows witty; I'll ſeal to ſuch a Bond;
And ſay there is much Kindneſs in the Jew.

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a Bond —
„ There is ſome Trick, ſome farther Fetch in this;
You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a Bond for me.

Anto. Fear not, my Friend, within two Months, that is
A Month before the Bond expires, I expect Returns
Of thrice three times the Value of this Bond.

Shyl. O Father *Abraham*, what theſe Chriſtians are!
Whoſe own hard Dealings teach 'em to ſuſpect
The Truth of others. Pray tell me, ſhou'd he fail
His Day, — what ſhould I get by the Exaction
Of the Penalty? A Pound of Man's Fleſh?
Nor to be ſold nor eaten. —
To buy his Favour, I propos'd theſe Terms,
Such as I thought could bear no wrong Conſtruction;
But ſince you're ſo ſuſpicious, Fare you well.
[*Going.*

Anto. Stay, *Shylock*, I will ſeal as you propoſe.

Shyl. Then meet me at the Notarys; [*Returning.*
Give him Directions to prepare the Bond,
In the mean time, I'll fetch the Ducats;
See to my Houſe, leaſt ſome unthrifty Knave
Be on the Guard. Chriſtian, thy Hand,
I'll preſently be with you. [*Exit Jew.*

Ant. Thou'rt now a very gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Chriſtian, he grows kind.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. I like not yet the Terms,
„ A Villain, when he moſt ſeems kind,
„ Is moſt to be ſuſpected.
Anto. There is not the leaſt Danger, nor can be,
„ Or if there were, what is a Pound of Fleſh?
„ What my whole Body, every Drop of Blood,
„ To purchaſe my Friends Quiet? Heav'n ſtill is good
„ To thoſe who ſeek the Good of others: Come *Baſſanio*,
„ Be chearfull, for 'tis lucky Gold we borrow.
„ Of all the Joys that generous Minds receive,
„ The nobleſt is, the God-like Power to give.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT. II.

Enter Shylock *and* Jeſſica.

Shylock.

I Am bid forth to Supper, *Jeſſica*,
There are my Keys; but wherefore ſhould I go!
I am not bid for Love; They flatter me;
But then I'll go in Hate: To feed upon
The Prodigal Chriſtian.
I am right loath to go, there is ſome ill
A brewing towards me; I dreamt laſt Night
Of Money-bags. *Jeſſica!* my Girl, look to my Houſe,
They ſay, there will be Maſques: Hear you me, *Jeſſica*,
Lock up my Doors —— And when you hear the Drum,
Or the vile Squealing of the wry-neck'd Fyfe,
Clamber not you up to the Caſement then,
Nor thruſt your Head into the publick Streets,

To gaze on Chriſtian Fools, with varniſh'd Faces;
But ſtop the Windows cloſe; nor look, nor liſten:
Let not the Sound of ſhallow Foppery enter
My ſober Houſe. By *Jacobs* Staff I ſwear,
I have no Mind of feaſting forth to-night:
Well, *Jeſſica*, —— go in, —— perhaps I will return
Immediatly. Do as I bid you, ſhut doors after
You. Faſt bind, faſt find. [*Exit Shylock.*

Jeſſ. Alas! what Sin is it in me
To be aſham'd to be my Fathers Child?
„ But how can he be ſaid to have given me Life,
„ Who never ſuffer'd me to know,
„ What 'tis to live? O *Lorenzo!*
„ Keep but thy Word to-night, and thou ſhalt be
„ A Father, and a Husband, both to me. [*Exit.*

Enter Loren zo *and* Gratiano.

Loren. Here ſhe directs
How I ſhall take her from her Fathers Houſe,
What Gold and Jewels ſhe is furniſh'd with,
And how ſhe'll be diſguiſ'd; oh 'tis the kindeſt
Creature: if e'er the Jew her Father comes to Heav'n,
It muſt be for his gentle Daughters Sake.
Oh never may Misfortune croſs her Foot,
For that ſhe is the Iſſue of a Jew.

„ *Grat.* Young, handſom, willing, with Gold and Jewels to Boot!
„ Plague on't, when ſhall I have ſuch Luck?

Enter Jeſſica, *in the Balcony.*

Jeſſ. Who are you? Tell me for more Certainty,
Albeit I ſwear that I do know your Voice,
I love the Repitition of your Name.

Lor. *Lorenzo* and thy Love.

Jeſſ. *Lorenzo* certain, and my Love indeed;

For

For who love I ſo much? but ah, who knows
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heav'n and thy Thoughts are Witneſs that thou art.

Jeſſ. Here, catch this Casket, it is worth the Pains,
I'm glad 'tis Night; you look, but cannot ſee me,
For I am much aſham'd of what I am,
„ But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot ſee
„ The Follies that themſelves commit,

Lor. Come down, my Love!

Jeſſ. I will make faſt the Doors, and guild my ſelf
With ſome few Duccats more, and then be with you.
[*Exit.*

Grat. Now, by my Soul, a Gentile, and no Jew,
„ She robs her Father with a Chriſtians Grace.

Lor. Beſhrew me, but I love her from my Soul!
For ſhe is fair, or elſe my Eyes are falſe;
And true ſhe is. What Proofs cou'd ſhe give more?
„ And oh ſhe's kind; ſhe loves me, and I love.
„ A greater Bliſs, ſcarce Heav'n it ſelf can boaſt,
„ Than mutual Love.

Enter Jeſſica, *ſhutting the Door after her.*

„ *Jeſſ.* Shut Doors after you; faſt bind, faſt find:
„ Theſe were his laſt Words: Thus I avoid the
„ Curſe of Diſobedience; Be thou ſhut till I open
„ thee.

„ *Lor.* So whilſt old *Laban* ſnor'd in Bed,
„ *Jacob* with ſprightly *Rachel* fled.

„ *Jeſſ.* His Gold, and Gems of Price they took,
„ And eke the Flower of every Flock. [*Holds up a Bag.*

„ *Lor.* But not one precious thing was there
„ That could with *Jeſſica* compare.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Fy, fy, my Friends, why do you loyter thus!
Gratiano and *Lorenzo*, for Shame make haſte:
Baſſanio frets, that you are wanting,
He has ſent twenty times to look you out.

Grat. „ Matters of State; *Antonio*, Matters of State,
„ A Rape and a Robbery: Matters of State,
„ Matters of State, *Antonio*.

Ant. Away, away, for Shame. [*Exit.*

Lor. Farewell *Gratiano*: Excuſe me to *Baſſanio*,
Come *Jeſſica*, this muſt be your way and mine.
[*Exeunt.*

Grat. „ Jew, Turk and Chriſtian differ but in Creed;
„ In ways of Wickedneſs, they're all agreed:
„ None upward clears the Road; they part and cavil;
„ But all jog on — unerring, to the Devil. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *opens, and diſcovers* Baſſanio, Antonio, Shylock, *and others, ſitting, as at an Entertainment. Muſick playing: During the Muſick,* Gratiano *enters, and takes his Place.*

Antonio.

„ This to immortal Friendſhip; fill it up —
„ Be thou to me, and I to my *Baſſanio*;
„ Like *Venice* and her *Adriatick* Bride,
„ For ever link'd in Love.

Baſſ. „ Thou joyn'ſt us well: And rightly haſt compar'd;
„ Like *Venice* on a Rock, my Friendſhip ſtands
„ Conſtant and fix'd; but 'tis a barren Spot;
„ Whilſt like the liberal *Adriatick*, thou
„ With Plenty bath'ſt my Shoars —

„ My

„ My Fortunes are the Bounty of my Friend.

Anto. „ My Friend's the nobleſt Bounty of my Fortune.

„ Sound every Inſtrument of Muſick there,
„ To our immortal Friendſhip.

[*All drink. Loud Muſick.*

Baſſ. „ Let Love be next, what elſe ſhould
„ follow Friendſhip?
„ To Love, and to Loves Queen, my charming *Portia*,
„ Fill, till the roſy Brim reflects her Lips;
„ Then kiſs the Symbol round:
„ Oh, in this Lottery of Love, where Chance
„ Not Choice preſides: Give, give, ye Powers, the Lot,
„ Where ſhe her ſelf would place it: Crown her wiſh,
„ Tho' Ruine and Perdition catch *Baſſanio*:
„ Let me be wretched, but let her be bleſt.

[*Drink and Muſick again.*

Grat. „ Mine's a ſhort Health: Here's to the Sex in general;
„ To Woman; be ſhe black, or brown, or fair;
„ Plump, ſlender, tall, or middle-ſtatur'd——
„ Let it be Woman; and 'tis all I ask.

[*Drink again, Muſick as before.*

Shyl. „ I have a Miſtreſs, that out-ſhines 'em all——
„ Commanding yours—and yours tho' the whole Sex:
„ O may her Charms encreaſe and multiply;
„ My Money is my Miſtreſs! Here's to
„ Intereſt upon Intereſt. [*Drinks.*

Anto. „ Let Birds and Beaſts of Prey howl to ſuch Vows,
„ All generous Notes be huſh'd: Pledge thy ſelf, Jew:
„ None here will ſtir the Glaſs—— [*All Riſe.*
„ Nor ſhall the Muſick ſound: O *Baſſanio!*
„ There ſits a Heavineſs upon my Heart
„ Which Wine cannot remove: I know not why,
But Muſick ever makes me thus.

Baſſ. The Reaſon is, your Spirits are attentive:
For do but note, a wild and wanton Herd
Or Race of skittiſh and unhandled Colts
Fetching mad Bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
If they but hear by Chance ſome Trumpet ſound,
Or any Aire of Muſick touch their Ears,
You ſtrait perceive 'em make a mutual ſtand,
Their ſavage Eyes turn'd to attentive Gaze,
By the ſoft Power of Muſick: Therefore the Poets
Did feign, That *Orpheus* melted Stones and Rocks,
For what ſo hard, ſo ſtubborn, or ſo fierce,
But Muſick for the time will change its Nature.
The Man, who has not Muſick in his Soul,
Or is not touch'd with Concord of ſweet Sounds,
Is fit for Treaſons, Stratagems and Spoils,
The Motions of his Mind are dull as Night,
And his Affections dark as *Erebus*,
Let ſuch Man be truſted. — Mark the Muſick.

PELEUS AND THETIS, A MASQUE.

The ARGUMENT.

Peleus *in Love with* Thetis, *by the Aſſiſtance of* Proteus *obtains her Favour: But* Jupiter, *alſo in Love with her, interpoſing,* Peleus *in Deſpair conſults* Promotheus, *famous for his Skill in Aſtrology, upon whoſe Prophecy, that the Son born of* Thetis *ſhould prove greater than his Father* Jupiter *deſiſts. The Propheſie was afterwards verify'd in the Birth of* Achilles *the Son of* Thetis *by* Peleus.

Perſons in the Maſque.

JUPITER. PROMOTHEUS.

PELEUS. THETIS.

Pro-

Promotheus is ſeen upon Mount *Caucaſus* chain'd to a Rock with the Vulture at his Breaſt. A Flouriſh of all the Inſtruments. Then plaintive Muſick.

Peleus Enters to *Promotheus.*

Peleus.

COndemn'd on Caucaſus *to lie,*
Still to be dying not to dye,
With certain Pain, uncertain of relief,
True Emblem of a wretched Lovers Grief!
To whoſe inſpecting Eye 'tis given
To View the Planetary Way,
To penetrate eternal Day,
And to revolve the ſtarry Heaven.
To thee, Promotheus, *I complain,*
And bring a Heart, as full of Pain.
Pro. *From* Jupiter *ſpring all our Woes,*
Thetis *is* Joves, *who once was thine,*
'Tis vain, O Peleus! *to oppoſe*
Thy Torturer and mine.
Contented with Deſpair
You muſt, you muſt reſign,
Or wretched Man prepare
For change of Torments, great as mine.
Pel. *In change of Torment would be eaſe,*
Could you divine what Lovers bear,
Even you Prometheus, *would confeſs*
There is no Vulture, like Deſpair.
Pro. *Ceaſe, cruel Vulture, to devour.*
Pel. *Ceaſe, cruel* Thetis, *to diſdain.*
If for the Pleaſures of an Hour

We

We muſt endure an Age of Pain,
Love give me back, my Heart again.

Both together.

Pro. } *Ceaſe cruel Vulture to devour;*
Pel. } *Ceaſe cruel* Thetis *to diſdain.*

Enter Thetis.

The. Peleus *unjuſtly you complain.*
Pel. *Give give me back my Heart again.*
The. Peleus *unjuſtly you complain.*
The Gods, alas! no Refuge find
From Ills reſiſtles Fates ordain:
I ſtill am True — And would be kind.
Pel. *Deſpair tormented firſt my Heart,*
Now Falſhood a more cruel Smart!
O for the Peace of Human kind,
Make Woman longer true, or ſooner kind!
With Juſtice, or with Mercy reign:
Or give me, give me back my Heart again.

Both together

The } Peleus *unjuſtly you complain.*
Pel. } *Give, give me back my Heart again.*
The. *Accurſed Jealouſie!*
Thou Jaundice in the Lovers Eye,
Thro' which all Objects falſe we ſee;
Accurſed Jealouſy!
Pro. *Love is by Fancy led about.*
From Hope to Fear, from Joy to Doubt:
Whom we now a Goddeſs call,
Divinely grac'd in every Feature,
Strait's a deform'd, a perjur'd Creature;
Love and Hate, are fancy all.

'Tis

'Tis but as fancy ſhall preſent
Objects of Grief, or of Content,
That the Lover's bleſt, or dyes:
Viſions of mighty Pains, or Pleaſure,
Imagin'd want, Imagin'd Treaſure,
All in powerfull Fancy lyes.

CHORUS.

Cho. Accurſed Jealouſy,
Thou Jaundice in the Lovers Eye,
Thro' which all Objects falſe we ſee;
Accurſed Jealouſy.
The. *Thy Rival*, Peleus *rules the Sky,*
Yet I ſo prize thy Love,
With Peleus *I would chuſe to die,*
Rather than live with Jove.
[*Jupiter* appears deſcending
But ſee! the mighty Thund'rer's here,
Tremble Peleus, *tremble, fly.*
The Thunder! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble Peleus, *tremble fly.*
[A full Chorus of all the Voices and Inſtruments while *Jupiter* is deſcending. Thunder the while.

CHORUS.

Cho. But ſee! the mighty Thund'rer's here;
Tremble *Peleus*, tremble, fly;
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble *Peleus*, tremble, fly.
[*Jupiter* being deſcended.
Jup. *Preſumptuous Slave, Rival to* Jove;
How dar'ſt thou, Mortal, thus deſy
A Goddeſs with audacious Love,
And irritate a God with Jealouſy?
Preſumptuous Mortal hence,
Tremble at Omnipotence.

Pel.

Pel. *Arm'd with Love, and Thetis by,*
I fear no Odds
Of Men or Gods.
But Jove *himſelf defy.*
Jove *lay thy Thunder down,*
Arm'd with Love, and Thetis *by,*
There is more Terrour in her Frown,
And fiercer Lightning in her Eye.
I fear no Odds
Of Men or Gods
But Jove *himſelf defy.*

Jup. *Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder;*
Haſte ye Cyclops *with your forked Rods,*
This Rebel Love, braves all the Gods,
And every Hour by Love is made
Some Heaven-defying Encelade.
Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder.

The. Jove *may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder.*

[*Pel.* and *The.* holding by each other.

All three repeat.

Jup. } *Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder.*
Pel. & The. } *Jove may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder*

The. *Thy Love, ſtill arm'd with Fate,*
Is dreadful, as thy Hate.
O might it prove to me
(*So gentle* Peleus *were but free*)
O might it prove to me
As fatal as to loſt conſuming Semele!

Pro. *Son of* Saturn, *take advice*
From one, whom thy ſevere decree
Has furniſht leiſure to grow wiſe.
Thou rul'ſt the Gods, but Fate rules thee.

The PROPHECY.

„*Whoe'er th' immortal Maid compreſſing*
„*Shall taſte the Joy, and reap the Bleſſing,*

„*Thus*

„ *Thus th' unerring Stars adviſe;*
„ *From that auſpitious Night an Heir ſhall riſe,*
„ *Paternal Glories to outſhine,*
„ *And be the foremoſt of his Line.*

CHORUS Repeat.

Cho. Son of *Saturn*, take Advice;
From that auſpicious Night an Heir ſhall riſe,
Paternal Glories to outſhine,
And be the foremoſt of his Line.

[Jupiter *during the* Chorus *ſeems to ſtand conſidering.*

Jup. *Shall then the Son of* Saturn *be undone*
As Saturn *was, by an Aſpiring Son?*
Juſtly th'impartial Fates conſpire,
Dooming that Son to be the Syre
Of ſuch another Son.
Conſcious of Ills that I have done;
My Fears to Prudence ſhall adviſe,
And Guilt that made me great ſhall make me wiſe.
[Turning to *Peleus.*
The Fatal Bleſſing I reſign,
Peleus *take the Maid Divine;*
Jove *conſenting, ſhe is thine.*
Peleus receiving *Thetis.*

Pel. *Heav'n had been loſt, had I been* Jove,
There is no Heav'n, like mutual Love.
[*Jupiter* turning to *Promotheus.*

Jup. *And thou the Stars Interpreter,*
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free,
Who giv'ſt me Liberty;
Ariſe, ariſe, and be thy ſelf a Star.
The Vulture drops dead at the Feet of *Promotheus*, his Chains fall off, and he is born up to Heaven with *Jupiter*, to a loud Flouriſh of all the Inſtruments.

Pe-

Peleus and *Thetis* together.

Pel. & Thet. { *Be true all ye Lovers, whate'er ye endure;*
Tho' cruel the Pain is, how ſweet is the Cure!
So Divine is the Bleſſing
In the Hour of poſſeſſing;
That one Moments obtaining
Pays an Age of Complaining:
Be true, all ye Lovers; whate'er you endure;
Tho' cruel the Pain is; how ſweet is the Cure!

Anto. „With ſuch an Air of true Magnificence;
„My noble minded Brother treats his Friends,
„As hardly has been known to *Italy*
„Since *Pompey* and *Lucullus* entertain'd.
„To frame thy Fortunes ample as thy Mind;
„New Worlds ſhou'd be created.

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Maſter of the Ship ſends word the Wind is come about: and he deſires you wou'd haſte Aboard.

Baſſ. *turning to* Ant.] „Oh my lov'd Friend! till now I never knew
„The pangs of parting Friendſhip.
„At diſtance I have taſted of the Pain;
„When the rude Morn has ſunder'd us away,
„To our Repoſe: But, by my Soul, I ſwear
„Even then my Eyes would drop a ſilent Tear,
„Repugnant ſtill to cloſe, and ſhut out Thee;

Ant. „You go for your Avantage, and that Thought
„Shall keep *Antonio* comforted.

Baſſ. „The Traject is from hence to *Belmont* ſhort;
„And Letters may come dayly: Such Intercourſe

„ Is all the Cordial abſent Friends enjoy:
„ Fail not in that. Your Trouble ſhall be ſhort;
„ I will return with the beſt ſpeed I can.

Ant. „ Be not too haſty, my *Baſſanio* neither;
Slubber not Buſineſs for my Sake, my Friend,
„ But ſtay the very ripening of thy Love.
„ Be gay, aſſiduous, and imploy ſuch Arts,
„ As beſt incline the Fair: Love is not ſeiz'd, but won;
„ Hard is the Labour; you muſt plant and prune,
„ And watch occaſion juſt: This fruit is nice,
„ 'Twill promiſe Wonders, and grow fairly up;
„ Seem hopeful to the Eye, look ripe, and then
„ A ſudden Blaſt ſpoils all.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. „ The Maſter of the Ship has ſent agen.

Baſſ. „ One more Embrace: To thoſe who know not Friendſhip
„ This may appear unmanly Tenderneſs;
„ But 'tis the frailty of the braveſt Minds.

Ant. „ I ask but this, *Baſſanio*;
„ Give not your Heart ſo far away,
„ As to forget your Friend.
„ Come, is all ready? I muſt haſten you.

Grat. „ If you were ready to part,
„ 'Tis all we ſtay for now.

Baſſ. Shylock, thy Hand: be gentle to my Friend,
„ Fear not thy Bond it ſhall be juſtly paid,
„ We ſoon ſhall meet agen,
„ Always, I hope, good Friends.
„ Oh my *Antonio!* 'tis hard, tho' for a Moment,
„ To loſe the Sight, of what we Love.

Shyl. aſide.] „ Theſe two Chriſtian Fools put me
„ in mind of my Money: juſt ſo loath am I to part
„ with that.

Baſ. „ *Gratiano*, lead the way: *Shylock* once more farewell.

„ We

„ We muſt not part, but at the Ship, *Antonio*:
„ Lovers and Friends, ſhould they for Ages ſtay,
„ Would ſtill find ſomething left, that they would ſay.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT. III.

SCENE I.

Enter Portia, Baſſanio, Neriſſa, Gratiano; *and their Train.* Neriſſa, Gratiano *diſcourſe apart.*

Baſſanio.

WHY if two Gods ſhould play ſome Heav'nly match,
And on the Wager lay two earthly Beauties,
And *Portia* one, there muſt be ſomething more
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude World
Has not her Equal: But alas the while
Should *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at Dice,
Who were the better Man? The greater throw
Might turn by Fortune to the weaker Hand:
So were a Gyant worſted by a Dwarf;
And ſo may I, having no Guide but Chance,
„ Miſs that, which one unworthier may obtain,
„ And dye with the Deſpair.

Port. Therefore forbear to chuſe, pauſe for a while,
Before you hazard, for in chuſing wrong
You loſe for ever: Therefore, I pray forbear;
For ſomthing tells me, but it is not Love,
I would not loſe you.... I could teach you

How to chuſe right: But then I am forſworn;
So will I never be
„ Yet ſhould you miſs me,
„ I ſhould repent that I was not forſworn;
„ For oh, what heavier Curſe for perjury
„ Could Heav'n provide, than loſing all my Hope?
I ſpeak too much; tho' Thought will have no bound,
„ A Virgins Tongue ſhould ſhame to hint a Thought,
„ At which a Virgins Cheek ſhould bluſh.
Think it not Love, yet think it what you pleaſe,
So you defer a Month or Two,
„ For fain I would detain you as a Friend,
„ Whom as a Lover I might loſe,
„ Should you perſiſt to venture the raſh throw.
„ 'Tis better ſtill to doubt, and ſtill to hope,
„ Than knowing of our Fates, to know
„ That we have loſt for ever.

Baſſa. „ Doubt is the worſt State: 'Tis better once
„ To die, than ſtill to live in Pain.
„ Deſire is fierce, nor brookes the leaſt delay.
„ Fortune and Love befriend me: I'm reſolv'd;
My Life, and all my earthly Happineſs
Sits on the chance: Where may I find the Casket?

Port. „ Yet, let me perſwade you: If for your ſelf
„ You cannot fear, tremble for her ———
„ For her, to whom you have ſo often ſworn,
„ More than your ſelf, you love her: Think! oh Think!
„ On *Portias* Fate: Who may not only loſe
„ The Man, by whom ſhe wiſhes to be won,
„ But being loſt to him, remain expos'd
„ To ſome new Choice: Another muſt poſſeſs
„ What Chance denies to you; O fatal Law!
„ Loſt to each other were a cruel Doom,
„ But 'tis our leaſt Misfortune; I may live
„ To be enjoy'd by one I hate; and you
„ May live to ſee it.

Baſſ. „ To love, and to be lov'd, yet not poſſeſs,

No

„ No greater Curſe could be, but what thou fear'ſt,
„ Yet I will on: With double Flames I burn,
„ Knowing that *Portia* loves me; all my fear
„ Was for her Love: Secure of that I go
„ Secure of the Reward: Lead me to the Caskets.

Port. Away then, and find our where *Portia's* lockt:
„ Thy Courage is an Omen of Succeſs,
„ If Love be juſt, he'll teach thee where to chuſe.
Neriſſa, ſhow him, ſince he is reſolv'd;
The reſt ſtand all aloof, whilſt Muſick Plays,
That if he loſe, like Swans we may expire
In ſofteſt Harmony: but if he win
Ah what is Muſick then? Then Muſick is
Even as the flouriſh, when true Subjects bow
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is
As are thoſe Dulcet Sounds at break of Day
That ſteal into the dreaming Bridegrooms Ear
And ſummon him to joy. See where he goes
With no leſs Preſence, but with much more Love
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The virgin Tribute paid by weeping *Troy*,
To the Sea Monſter: I like the Victim ſtand,
The reſt aloof, like the *Dardanian* Wives,
With blotted Viſages come forth to view
The Iſſue of the Exploit. Go *Hercules*,
„ Love that inflames thy Heart inſpire thy Eyes,
„ To chuſe aright, where *Portia* is the Prize.

[Portia *and the reſt ſtand at a Diſtance obſerving ſoft Muſick. Till re-enter* Baſſanio *in each Hand a Casket.*

Baſſ. Who chuſes me, ſhall get what he deſerves.
The like inſcription bears this Silver Casket.
Shall get what he deſerves: who chuſe by outward ſhow,
Entic'd by guilded Baits and flattering Forms,
Who look not to th' interiour, but like the Martlet,
Build in the Weather on the outward Wall,

Even in the force and Road of Caſualty,
What may their Merit be? agen let me conſider.
Walks about thinking.

Gra. Take the Gold Man, or the Silver: plague on't,
Would I were to chuſe for him.

Baſſ. Shall get what he deſerves: Let none preſume
Without the Stamp of Merit to obtain.
Oh that Eſtates, Degrees and Offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly; and that clear Honour
Were purchas'd by the Merit of the Wearer!
How many then would cover who ſtand bare!
How many be commanded, who command!
How much low Peaſantry would then be gleam'd
From the true Seed of Honour! And how much Honour
Pickt from the Chaff and ruine of the Times,
To be new varniſht. Let me not be raſh,
There yet remains a Third: well will I weigh
E're I reſolve. [*Exit.*

Gra. „Take the Gold, I ſay; pox on Lead;
„what is it good for, but to make Bullets, 'tis
„the Image of Death and Deſtruction.

Re enter Baſſanio *with a Caskes of Lead.*

Baſſ. The World is ſtill deceiv'd with Ornament;
In Law, what Plea ſo tainted or corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious Voice,
And cover'd with fair ſpecious Subtleties
Obſcures the ſhow of Reaſon. „In Religion
What damned Error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a Text?
There is no Vice ſo artleſs, but aſſumes
Some Mark of Vertue on its outward Parts,
Hiding the Groſsneſs with fair Ornament.
How many Cowards with Livers white as Milk,
Have

Have Backs of Brawn, and wear upon their Chins
The Beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*.
Look even on Beauty: what are those crisped Locks?
That make such wanton Gambols with the Wind?
What, but the Dowry of a second Head:
The Skull that bred 'em in the Sepulcher.
„ Thus ornament is as a beauteous Scarf
„ Veiling Deformity. Therefore thou gawdy Gold,
Hard Food for *Midas*, I will have none of thee;
Nor, none of thee, Silver, thou common Drudge
„ Twixt Man and Man. But thou, thou Meager Lead,
„ Which rather threaten'st, than do'st promise ought,
„ Thy sullenness moves more than Eloquence,
And here I fix: Joy be the Consequence.

Grat. „ Undone, undone: I'll not stand to't
„ *Neriſſa* I'll Chuse for my self;

Port. aside.] How all the other Passions fleet to Air,
As doubtful Thoughts, and rash embrac'd Despair,
Tormenting fears, and Green ey'd Jealousy.
O Love! be moderate; allay this Extacy.
In measure pour thy Joy, stint this excess;
I feel too much thy Blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit.

Baſſ. What find I here? [*Opening the Casket.*
The Portraiture of *Portia*.
What Demi-God has come so near Creation?
Move these Eyes!
Or whether riding on the Balls of mine,
Seem they in Motion? Here are sever'd Lips,
Parted with sweetest Breath: „ The very odour
„ Seems there expres'd, and thus invites the Taste!
[*Kissing the Picture.*
And here agen, here in her lovely Hair,
The Painter plays the Spider, and has woven
A Golden Snare, to catch the Hearts of Men:
„ But then her Eyes!

„ How could he gaze undazled upon them,
„ And ſee to imitate! Let me peruſe the Motto.
Reads.] *Who chuſes me; let him whoſe Fate it is,*
Turn to the Fair, and claim her with a Kiſs.
A gentle Schrole: Fair Lady, by your leave,
I come by note, to give and to receive;
Like one of two contending for a Prize,
Who thinks he has done well, looks round to mark
(Hearing Applauſe, and univerſal Shout)
Whether thoſe Peals of Praiſe are meant to him;
So ſtands *Baſſanio*, full of Hopes and Fears,
„ Still anxious what to truſt, and what believe,
Till you confirm his Hopes.

Port. „ Had Choice decided, and not only Chance,
„ As Fortune has diſpos'd me, ſo had I.
My ſelf, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lady
Of this fair Manſion, Miſtreſs of theſe Servants,
Queen o'er my ſelf, even now; and in a Moment
This Houſe, theſe Servants, and my ſelf their Queen,
Are yours, my Lord: I plight 'em with this Ring,
Which when you part from, loſe or give away,
Let it preſage the Ruin of your Love,
„ And ſtand, as a Record, that you were falſe,
„ A follower of my Fortunes not of me,
„ And never meant me fair.

Baſſ. „ Dye firſt *Baſſanio*; my Miſtreſs, and my Queen
„ As abſolute as ever ſhall you reign.
„ Not as the Lord, but Vaſſal of your Charms,
„ Not as a Conqueror, but Acquiſitor
„ Not one to leſſen, but enlarge your power;
„ No more but this, the Creature of your Pleaſure,
„ As ſuch receive the paſſionate *Baſſanio*.
Oh there is that Confuſion in my Powers,
As Words cannot expreſs: But when the Ring

Parts

Parts from this Finger, then part Life from thence;
Then ſay, and be aſſur'd, *Baſſanio's* dead.

Gratiano *and* Neriſſa *ſeem in earneſt diſpute.*

Grat. „ I ſay, a Bargain's a Bargain, and I will have Juſtice.

Neriſſ. „ I ſay, we drew Stakes.

Grat. „ That was only in caſe I had loſt, Child.

Port. A Diſpute between our Freinds! what's the matter, Cozen?

Grat. I'll tell you Madam, the matter in ſhort, and you ſhall be Judge.

„ I happen'd to ſay to this Lady, that is was her „ Deſtiny to have me; ſhe conſented to put it to „ Tryal, and agreed to be detemin'd by the Choice „ my Friend ſhould make; if be had you — I ſhould „ have her; and here ſtand I to claim her Promiſe.

Port. Is this true, *Neriſſa*?

Neriſſ. „ Ay, but he recanted, and ſaid afterwards he „ would chuſe for himſelf.

Grat. „ Why ſure ſo I can, now I know the right „ Casket. What ſort of a Tramontane, do you „ take me to be? you are gone that way too, as I „ take it.

Neriſſ. „ Then Madam, all my Hope is, that you „ won't let me keep my Word.

Grat. „ 'Tis falſe; to my certain Knowledge ſhe „ hopes otherwiſe — *Neriſſa!* we'll play with „ 'em the firſt boy for 1000. Ducats.

Neriſſ. „ Methinks, this looks like the laſt Act of „ a Play. All Parties are agreed; there remains no- „ thing but to draw the Curtain, and put out the „ Lights.

Grat. „A good hint, my Love: Let you and I
make our *Exit* „about that ſame laſt Act,
as you call it.

Baſſ. „I rejoice, *Gratiano*, that my good Fortune
„Thus included yours.
„Oh that *Antonio* knew of our Succeſs,
„It would o'er-joy him. — Prithee *Gratiano*,
„Send a Special Meſſenger to *Venice*,
„To inform him of our Fortunes —
„*Shylock* ſhall now be paid; my Friend is ſafe,
„And Happineſs, on every ſide ſurrounds us.

[*Gratiano going out, meets* Lorenzo, Jeſſica, *and a Servant from* Antonio *entring.*

Grat. *Lorenzo* and his pretty Infidel,
Salerio too, *Antonios* Servant: If I miſtake him not,
„Look here, *Baſſanio*; here is News from *Venice*.
Baſſ. *Lorenzo*, Welcome! *Salerio* too! what News
„From my *Antonio*? Oh, 'tis the beſt of Friends!
Y'are welcome hither. By your Leave, my Love,
Tho' my Intereſt here be yet but young,
I take upon me to bid my Friends moſt welcome.
Port. So do I, My Lord, they are entirely welcome.
Loren. We thank you, Madam: for my part, my Lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He needs would have me come.
Saler. I did, my Lord, deſire it, and had a reaſon for it:
Seignior *Antonio* commends him to you.
Baſſ. „How does my Friend?
Saler. „This Letter will inform you.

[Baſſ. *reads to himſelf and ſeems concern'd.*

Grat. *Neriſſa*, bid this pretty Stranger welcome;
Your Hand, *Lorenzo*, and yours, *Salerio*.
What's the News from *Venice*? We are the *Jaſons*
Who have won the Fleece: *Antonio* will rejoice
At our Succeſs. *Sal.*

Sal. Would you had won the Fleece which he hath loſt.

Port. There are ſome ſhrewd Contents in that ſame Paper,
Which ſteal the Colour from *Baſſanios* Cheek:
„ Some great Misfortune ſure: No common Cauſe
„ Could thus diſturb him at this time. Still worſe and worſe.
With leave, *Baſſanio*, I am half your ſelf,
And freely muſt have half of any thing
That this ſame Letter brings you.

Baſſ. O my *Portia!* Here are a few of the moſt fatal words
That ever blotted Paper——
When I did firſt impart my Love, I told you
That all the Wealth I had ran in my Veins.
When I ſaid Nothing, I ſhould then have ſaid
That I was worſe than nothing: For indeed
I have engag'd my ſelf to my beſt Friend;
Engag'd my Friend to his worſt Enemy,
To feed my Fortunes. But is it true, *Salerio?*
Have all his Ventures fail'd? What! not one hit!
From *Tripoli*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one Veſſel ſcape!

Sal. Not one, my Lord.

Port. Is it your Friend who is thus troubled?

Baſſ. The deareſt Friend to me! the kindeſt Man!
The beſt condition'd, moſt unwearied Spirit
In doing Good; and one in whom
The ancient Roman Honour more appears,
„ For liberal Love and bounteous Courteſie,
„ Than any that has breath'd in *Italy*
„ Since *Antony* and *Brutus*.

Port. What is the Sum?

Baſſ. For me Three Thouſand Ducats,
„ Rais'd to tranſport me hither.

Port.

Port. What! no more!
„ And rais'd on my Account. 'Tis then my Debt.
Pay him ſix Thouſand, double ſix Thouſand;
And then treble that, before a Friend ſhould ſuffer,
Or loſe a Hair thro' my *Baſſanios* Fault:
You ſhall away to *Venice* to your Friend;
For never ſhall you lie by *Portias* ſide
With an unquiet Soul. You ſhall have Gold
To pay the petty Debt twenty times over.
Neriſſa and my ſelf mean while will live
As Maids and Widows. Let none reply,
„ For I will have it thus.
„ *Baſſ.* O Love! O Friendſhip!
„ Was ever Man thus tortur'd!
„ *Grat.* What, not one quarter of an hour to pack up
„ my Baggage?
„ *Ner.* Whereabouts is the laſt Act now *Gratiano*?
„ *Grat.* Faith, Child, I have the part ready, If
„ I might have leave to play it.
„ *Port.* Away ye Triflers.
„ Nay then *Baſſanio* I muſt thruſt you from me;
„ 'Tis hard for both to be divided thus
„ Upon our Wedding-Day. But Honour calls,
„ And Love muſt wait. Honour, that ſtill delights
„ To tyrannize o'er Love. Farewell, my Lord,
„ Be chearful in this Trial: as you prove,
„ Your Faith in Friendſhip, I ſhall truſt your Love.
[*She conducts him to the Door. Exit* Baſ. Grat.
Loren. Madam, if you knew to whom you ſhow this Honor,
How true a Lover of your Lord!
Port. I never did repent of doing good;
Nor ſhall I now: But we have much to do
In other things: Therefore to you, *Lorenzo*,
And to this Lady, whoſe Pardon I ſhould crave,
For having ſtood ſo much unnoted by me,
I will commit, as to my Lords beſt Friends,

The

The Husbandry and Conduct of my Houſe
Until my Lords Return: For my own part
I have to Heaven breath'd a ſecret Vow,
To live in Prayer and Contemplation,
Only attended by *Neriſſa* here,
Until her Husband and my Lord come back.
There is a Monaſtery two Miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you
Not to deny this Impoſition, which
My Love and ſome Neceſſity
Now lays upon you.

Loren. Madam, with all our Hearts;
We will obſerve your Pleaſure.

Port. Come on, *Neriſſa*; I have Work in hand
That thou yet knoweſt not of. *Balthazar*,
Thou art honeſt; ſo let me find thee ſtill.
Follow me in: I have ſome ſhort Directions
For you all. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Changes to a Priſon in* Venice.

Enter Shylock *and* Jailor *with* Antonio *in Shakles.*

Shylock.

JAilor, look to him. Tell not me of mercy;
This is the Fool, who lent out Money *gratis*:
Jailor, I ſay look to him.

Anto. Hear me yet, good *Shylock.*

Shyl. I'll have my Bond: for I have ſworn an Oath,
That I will have my Bond: Thou call'ſt me Dog,
Before thou hadſt a Cauſe: but ſince I am
A Dog, beware my Phangs.

Anto. I prithee hear me ſpeak.

Shyl. I'll have my Bond. I will not hear thee ſpeak:

I'll

I'll not be made a ſoft relenting Fool,
To ſhake the Head, and ſigh, and yield, and melt
To Chriſtian Interceſſors: I'll have no ſpeaking,
I will have my Bond.

Anto. Thou will not take my Fleſh; what's that good for?

Shyl. To bait Fiſh withal; if it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my Revenge: Thou haſt diſgrac'd me, hindered me half a Million; laught at my Loſſes; repin'd at my Gains, ſcorn'd my Nation; thwarted my Bargains; cool'd my Friends; enflam'd my Ennemies; and what's the Reaſon? I am a Jew — Has not a Jew Eyes? Has not a Jew Hands? Organs, Dimenſions, Senſes, Affections; Paſſions? Fed with the ſame Food, hurt with the ſame Weapons, ſubject to the ſame Diſeaſes, heal'd by the ſame Means, warm'd and cool'd, by the ſame Winter and Summer as a Chriſtian? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poiſon us, do we not dye? And if you wrong us, ſhall we not Revenge? If we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that: For if a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his Humility? Revenge? If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhould his ſufferance be, by a Chriſtian Example? Why, Revenge. The Charity you practiſe, I will Imitate: And it ſhall go hard, but I will improve By the Inſtruction.

Anto. Thou art the moſt impenetrable Curr
That ever kept with Men.

Shyl. My Daughter too! None knew ſo well as you of my Daughters Flight. Why there, there, there is a Diamond gone, coſt me Two Thouſand Ducats in *Francfort*.

A Ring too, it was my Turkis; I had it of Leah, when I was a Batchelour; beſides Gold, and many other precious Jewels. Would my Daughter were dead at my Foot, ſo the Jewels were in her Ears. Would ſhe were Hears'd, ſo the Ducats were in the Coffin. No News, and I know not how much ſpent in the ſearch: Loſs upon Loſs. The Theif gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the Theif; And no ſatisfaction, no Revenge: But thou art caught, and thou ſhalt pay the whole Theifs-Bill. Thou who waſt wont to lend out Money for a Chriſtian Curteſy: Thou Chriſtian Fool, pay thy Debts. Jaylor, I ſay, look to him.

[*Thruſts him after the Jaylor, and Exeunt.*

ACT. IV.

SCENE I.

A Court of Juſtice. The Duke and Nobles ſeated, Officers of the Court attending Antonio *as a Priſonier*, Baſſanio *and* Gratiano.

Duke.

WHat, is *Antonio* here?

Ant. Ready ſo pleaſe your Grace.

Duke. I am ſorry for thee, thou art come to anſwer
A Stony Adverſary; an Inhumane Wretch
Incapable of Pity. Go one and call the Jew

Into

Into the Court.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our Face.

Shylock; the World does think, and ſo do I,
That thou but lead'ſt this Faſhion of thy Malice
To the laſt Hour of Act, and then 'tis hop'd
Thou'lt ſhow thy Mercy, and Remorſe, as ſtrange
As is thy ſtrange apparent Cruelty,
Glancing an Eye of Pity on his Loſſes,
That have of late ſo hudled on his Back,
Enow to preſs a Royal Merchant down;
And pluck Comiſeration of his ſtate
From ſtubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd
To Offices of tender Curteſy.
We all expect a gentle Anſwer, Jew.

Shyl. I have poſſeſt your Grace, of what I purpoſe,
And by our Holy Sabbath have I ſworn,
To have the Due, and Forfeit of my Bond:
If you deny it, let the Danger light
Upon your Charter and the Citys Freedom.
You'l ask me why I rather chuſe to have
A weight of Carrion-Fleſh, than to receive
Three Thouſand Ducats. I reply to that,
It is my Humour: Is that queſtion anſwer'd?
What if my Houſe be troubled with a Rat,
And I am pleas'd to give Ten Thouſand Duccats
To have it ban'd? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
My Humour is my Reaſon. Are you anſwer'd?

Baſſ. This is no Anſwer; thou hard-hearted Man.

Anto. I pray you think you queſtion with a Jew;
You may as well expoſtulate with Wolves;
You may as well go ſtand upon the Beach,
And bid the Waves be ſtill, and Winds be huſht;
You may as well forbid the Mountain-pines

To

To wag their Tops, and dance about their Leaves;
When the rude Gusts of Heav'n are whistling round.
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that, than which what harder?
His Jewish Heart: Therefore I do beseech you
Make no more Offers, use no farther means;
But with all brief, and plain Conveniency,
Let me have Judgment, and the Jew his Will.

Bass. For thy Three Thousand Ducats here are six.

Shyl. If every Ducat in six Thousand Ducats,
Were in six Parts, and every Part a Ducat,
I would not draw 'em: I will have my Bond.

Duke. How mayst thou hope for Mercy, rend'ring none?

Shyl. What Judgments shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd Slave,
Whom, like your Asses, and your Dogs, and Mules,
You use in abject and in slavish part,
Because you bought 'em: Shall I say to you;
Let 'em be free: Marry 'em to your Heirs.
Why sweat they under Burdens? Let their Beds
Be made as soft as yours; and let their Pallats
Be season'd with such Dainties. You will answer,
The Slaves are ours; so do I answer you;
The Penalty which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, shame upon your Laws;
There is no force in the Decrees of *Venice*.
I stand for Judgment. Answer; shall I have it.

Duke. The Court will first advise. Here is a Letter
From fam'd *Bellario*, which does much commend
A young and learned Docter in our Court,
Whose Wisdom shall direct us. Where is he?
Call in the Council.

Bass. Fear not, *Antonio*: This greedy Dogg
Shall have my Flesh, Blood, Sinews, Bones, and all,

E're thou ſhalt loſe one drop of Blood for me.
To Shylock.] Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?
Shyl. To cut the Forfeit from that Bankrupt there.
Baſs. Can no Pray'rs peirce thee?
Shyl. None that thou has Wit enough to make.
Baſſ. Oh be thou damn'd, inexorable Jew,
And that thou liv'ſt, let Juſtice be accus'd,
„ And Heaven accus'd that ſuch a Wretch was born.
Thou almoſt makeſt me waver in my Faith,
To hold Opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That Souls of Animals infuſe themſelves
Into the Trunks of Men: Thy Curriſh Spirit
Govern'd a Wolf, who hang'd for Humane Slaughter,
Even from the Gallows, did his fell-ſoul fleet,
And whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallowed Dam,
Infus'd it ſelf in Thee.
Shyl. Till thou canſt rail the Seal from off my Bond,
Thou but offends thy Lungs to ſpeak ſo loud;
„ Thy Curſes fall on thy own Head, for thus
„ Enſnaring thy beſt Friend, thou didſt it, and not I.
„ I ſtand for Law: Thy Prodigality brought him
To this.
Baſſ. „ Inhumane Dog!
Offic. Room for the Council there.

Enter Portia *diſguis'd like a Lawyer*, Neriſſa *like her Clerk, with Bagg and Papers.*

Duke. Take your Place.
Are you acquainted with the Difference
Which holds the preſent Queſtion in the Court?
Port. I am inſtructed fully in the Caſe.
Which is *Antonio*, and which the Jew?
Duke. *Antonio*, and old *Shylock*, both ſtand forth.

Port.

Port. Is your Name *Shylock*?
Shyl. *Shylock* is my Name?
Port. Of a ſtrange Nature is the Suit you follow.
Is the Bond proved? Or does he confeſs it?
Anto. I do confeſs it.
Port. Then muſt the Jew be merciful.
Shyl. On what Compulſion muſt I? Tell me that.
Port. The Quality of Mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It drops as does the gentle Dew from Heav'n
Upon the Place beneath: It is twice bleſt;
It bleſſes him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightieſt, in the mightieſt: It becomes
The Crowned Monarch, better than his Crown;
,, It is the firſt of Sacred Attributes,
And Earthly Power does then ſeem moſt Divine,
When Mercy ſeaſons Juſtice. I have ſpoke thus much
To mitigate the Rigour of thy Plea;
For if thou followeſt this ſtrict Courſe of Law,
Then muſt *Antonio* ſtand condemn'd.
Shyl. My Deeds upon my Head. I crave the Law,
The Penalty and Forfeit of the Bond.
Port. Is he not able to diſcharge the Bond?
Baſſ. Yes, here I tender't for him in the Court;
Twice, thrice the Sum; if that wil not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times over,
On Forfeit of my Hands, my Head, my Heart:
If this will not prevail, it muſt appear
That Malice bears down Truth.
Port. There is no Power in *Venice*
Can alter a Decree eſtabliſhed.
'Twill be recorded for a Preſident;
And many an Error by the ſame Example
May ruſh into the State. It cannot be.
Shyl. A *Daniel*, a *Daniel*: So ripe in Wiſdom,
And ſo young in Years! A ſecond *Solomon*.
Port. I pray you let me ſee the Bond.
Shyl. Here 'tis, moſt reverend Doctor; Here it is.

Port. *Shylock*, there's thrice the the Money offer'd thee.

Shyl. An Oath, an Oath; I have an Oath in Heaven:
Shall I lay Perjury upon my Soul?
No, not for *Venice*.

Port. Be merciful, take thrice thy Money:
Bid me tear the Bond.

Shyl. It has appear'd you are an upright Judge;
You know the Law; your Expoſition
Has been moſt ſound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving Pillar,
Proceed to Judgment. By my Soul, I ſwear;
There is no Power in the Tongue of Man
To alter me. I do inſiſt upon my Bond;
The Time's expir'd; I claim the Penalty.

Anto. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To paſs the Sentence.

Port. Why then thus it is:
You muſt prepare your Boſom for the Knife;
For the intent and purpoſe of the Law
Has full relation to the Penalty,
Which plainly appears due upon the Bond.

Shyl. 'Tis very true. O wiſe and upright Judge!

Port. „ Prepare, *Antonio*: Officers, be ready
To lay bare his Boſom.

Shyl. Ay, his Breaſt; ſo ſays the Bond:
Does it not, noble Doctor: neareſt his Heart;
Thoſe are his Words.

Port. Have by ſome Surgeon, *Shylock*, at your Charge,
To ſtop his Wound, leſt he ſhould bleed to Death.

Shyl. It is not nominated in the Bond.

Port. Not ſo expreſs'd in Words: But what of that?
'Twere good to allow ſo much for Charity.

Shyl. I cannot find it: 'Tis not in the Bond.

Port. Then do your Office.

Duke.

Duke. „Hold a while: *Antonio*,
Have you any thing to ſay to hinder Sentence?
Anto. But little, I am arm'd and well prepar'd:
Give me your Hand, *Baſſanio*: Fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you,
For herein Fortune ſhows her ſelf more kind
Than is her Cuſtom: It is ſtill her uſe
To let the wretched Man outlive his Wealth,
To view with Hollow Eye, and wrinckled Brow
An Age of Poverty; from which lingring Penance
„She kindly cuts me off: Once more farewell.
„Grieve not my Friend, that you thus loſe a Friend,
„For I repent not thus to pay your debt
„Even with my Blood and Life: „Now, do your Office,
„Cut deep enough be ſure, and whet thy Knife
„With keeneſt Malice; for I would have my Heart
„Seen by my Friend.
Shyl. Doubt it not, Chriſtian; thus far I will be Courteous.
Duke. Antonio, is this all thou haſt to ſay?
Anto. 'Tis all.
Baſſ. „Stand off. I have a word in his behalf,
„Since even more than in his Avarice,
„In Cruelty, this Jew's inſatiable;
„Here ſtand I for my Freiud. Body for Body,
„To endure the Torture: But one pound of Fleſh
„Is due from him: Take every peice of mine,
„And tear it off with Pincers: whatever way
„Invention can contrive to torture Man,
„Practice on me: Let but my Friend go ſafe.
„Thy Cruelty is limited on him;
„Unbounded let it looſe on me: Say, Jew,
„Here's Intereſt upon Intereſt in Fleſh;
„Will that content you?
Ant. „It may him, not me.
Baſſ. „Cruel *Antonio*.

Ant. „ Unjuſt *Baſſanio.* [*Jew laughs.*

Baſſ. „ Why Grins the Dog?

Shyl. „ To hear a Fool propoſe: Thou ſhallow Chriſtian!
„ To think that I'd conſent: I know thee well.
„ When he has paid the Forfeit of his Bond,
„ Thou canſt not chuſe but hang thy ſelf for being
„ The Cauſe: And ſo my ends are ſerv'd on both.
„ Proceed to Execution

Baſſ. Then thus I interpoſe.

[*Draws and ſtands before* Antonio: *The Jew ſtarts back.* Antonio *interpoſes.*

Ant. „ Forbear *Baſſanio*, this is certain Death
„ To both.

Baſſ. „ In one, both dye: ſince it muſt be,
„ No matter how.
„ *Duke.* Before our Face this Inſolence! And in a
„ Court of Juſtice. Diſarm and ſeize him.
„ *Port.* Spare him, my Lord; I have a way to tame him.
„ Hear me one word.
„ *Shyl.* Hear; hear the Doctor: Now for a Sentence
„ To ſweep theſe Chriſtian Vermin, coupled
„ To the Shambles. O 'tis a *Solomon!*

Port. Heark you, *Shylock*, I have view'd this Bond,
And find it gives thee not one drop of Blood.
The Words expreſly are, *A Pound of Fleſh.*
No more. Take thou that Fleſh;
But in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian Blood, thy Lands and Goods
Are by the Laws of *Venice*, mark you me?
Confiſcate to the State. [Shylock *ſtarts ſurpriz'd.*

Shyl. Humph.

Baſs. O, upright Judge! Mark, Jew. O learned Judge!
„ Forgive,

„ Forgive, moſt potent Duke, and Reverend Seigniors,
„ That thus enforc'd by my Deſpair —
„ *Duke.* We do forgive thee, and admire thy Virtue
„ More than we blame thy Paſſion. But proceed.
Port. Shylock, thy ſelf ſhall ſee the Act,
And Letter of the Law: For as thou urgeſt Juſtice,
Be ſure thou ſhalt have Juſtice.
Shyl. I take this Offer then; pay the Bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian go.
Baſſ. Here is the Money.
Port. Soft! The Jew ſhall have all Juſtice: Soft,
no haſte!
He ſhall have nothing but the Penalty.
„ *Grat.* A *Daniel!* A *Daniel!* Now Infidel,
We have thee on the Hip.
Port. Why does the Jew pauſe? Take thy Forfeiture.
Shyl. Give me my Principal, and let me go.
Port. He has refus'd it in the open Court,
He ſhall have meerly Juſtice and his Bond.
Shyl. Shall I not have barely my Principal?
Port. Thou ſhalt have barely thy Forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy Peril, Jew.
Shyl. Why then the Devil give you good of it;
I'll ſtay no longer Queſtion —
Port. Tarry Jew;
The Law has yet another hold of you.
It is enacted in the Laws of *Venice*,
If it be prov'd againſt an Alien,
That by direct or indirect Attempt,
He ſeek the Life of any Citizen,
The party againſt whom he ſhall contrive,
Shall ſeize on half his Goods: The other half
Comes to the privy Coffers of the State;
And the offenders Life lies in the Mercy:
Of the Duke only, againſt all other Voice.
In which Predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt;
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,

That indirectly and directly too
Thou had'ſt contriv'd againſt the very Life
Of the Defendant; and therefore haſt incurr'd
Theſe ſeveral Penalties of Life and Goods.

Duke. That thou may'ſt ſee the difference of our Spirits
I pardon thee thy Life; before thou ask it;
But half thy Wealth ſhall be *Antonios*,
The other half the States.

Shyl. Nay, take my Life and all; pardon not that:
You take my Houſe, when you do take the Prop
That does ſuſtain my Houſe: You take my Life,
When you do take the means by which I live.

Duke. What Mercy can you render him, *Antonio*?

Ant. So pleaſe my Lord the Duke
To quit the Fine of one half of his Goods.
I am content, ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe, to render it upon
His Death to young *Lorenzo*,
Who lately has eſpous'd his Daughter.

Duke. He ſhall do this, or elſe I do recant
The Pardon of his Life.

Port. Art thou contented, Jew? What doſt thou ſay?

Shyl. Pray give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: ſend after me your Deeds,
And I will ſign 'em.

Duke. Get thee gone; but do it. [*Ex. Shylock.*

Port. Clerk, draw a Deed of Gift.

[*The Duke and Court riſe.*

Duke. „ *Antonio*, I rejoyce at this Concluſion;
„ And I congratulate with you *Baſſanio*,
„ Your Friends eſcape: You will do well
To gratify that learned Councellor,
For in my Mind you both are in his debt.

[*Exit Duke with his Train, the Court breaking up.*

Baſſ. „ Let me embrace the Man, by whom my Freind „ Has

„ Has Life: For in that life I live —
Three Thouſand Ducats due on *Shylocks* Bond
I freely offer to requite your Pain.
Ant. And ſtand indebted over and above
In Love and Gratitude for evermore.
Port. He is well paid, who is well ſatisfy'd,
My Mind was never yet more Mercenary:
I pray you, know me, when we meet agen:
I wiſh you well, and take my leave.
Baſſ. „ Not as a Fee, but as a ſmall Remembrance;
„ A Token of our Love and Gratitude.
Port. Give me your Gloves: I'll wear 'em for your Sake,
Or elſe that Ring —
Baſſ. This Ring! alas it is a Trifle;
„ Not fit for me to give, or you to take.
Port. I ſee Sir, you are liberal in Offers:
You taught me firſt to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a Beggar ſhou'd be anſwerd.
Baſſ. There's more depends on this than on the Value;
The deareſt Ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out, by Proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you pardon me.
Port. „ Such ſlight Excuſes well I underſtand.
Well--Peace be with you both. [*Ex.* Port. *and* Neriſſa.
Ant. My Lord *Baſſanio*, let him have the Ring;
Let his Deſervings, and my Love withall,
„ Be valu'd againſt every other Scruple.
Baſſ. Prithee *Gratiano*, run and overtake him:
Give him the Ring; and bring him, if thou canſt,
To my *Antonios* Houſe — away, make haſte.
[*Exit* Gratiano.
„ Once more, let me embrace my Friend, welcom to Life,
„ And welcome to my Arms, thou beſt of Men:

„ Thus of my Love and of my Friend poſſeſs'd,
„ With ſuch a double Shield upon my Breaſt,
„ Fate cannot peirce me now, ſecurely bleſt.

[*As they go off, Re-enter* Portia *and* Neriſſa, Gratiano *following.*

Grat. Sir, Sir, you are well overtaken;
My Lord *Baſſanio*, upon more advice,
Has ſent you here the Ring; and does entreat
Your Company at Dinner.

Port. For that he muſt excuſe me: His Ring
I do accept with Thanks; and ſo pray tell him:
And furthermore oblige my Clerk to ſhow him
Shylocks Houſe — Theſe Writings he muſt Sign.

Grat. That I will do: 'Tis a pert pretty youth,
I had much talk with him, during the Tryal.

Neriſſa. Aſide] Now will I ſee if I can get a Ring
I gave him too at parting, which he ſwore
As much never to part from.

Port. Thou may'ſt, I warrant: We ſhall have old
Swearing, that they gave theſe Rings to Men,
But we'll out-face 'em, and out-ſwear 'em too.
[*Aloud*] Make haſt, I pray: Thou know'ſt where I will
Tarry.

Grat. „ Come on, Sir: The firſt Cauſe I have to ſplit,
„ You ſhall have all my Practice.

Neriſſ. „ That may be ſooner than you dream of;
„ Sir, I follow you.
„ So many Shapes have Women for Deceipt,
„ That every Man's a Fool, when we think fit.

[*Exeunt.*

SCE-

ACT. V.

SCENE I.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jeſſica.

Lorenzo.

THE Moon ſhines bright. In ſuch a Night as this
Did penſive *Troilus* mount the *Trojan* Wall,
Sighing his Soul towards the *Grecian* Tents,
Where beauteous *Creſſid* lay——
Jeſſ. In ſuch a Night——
Sad *Dido* with a Willow in her Hand
Stood on the wild Sea-Beach, and waſt her Love
To come again to *Carthage*——
Loren. In ſuch a Night *Medea* gathered
Th'inchanted Herbs, that did renew old *Æſon.*
Jeſſ. In ſuch a Night,
Did young *Lorenzo* ſwear to *Jeſſica*
He lov'd her well, and ſtole away her Soul,
With many a Vow, and ne'er a true one.
Loren. In ſuch a Night. } *Both together.*
Jeſſ. In ſuch a Night. }
I would out-Night you. But hark!
I hear a footing.

Enter Portia *and* Neriſſa.

Port. That Light we ſee is burning in my Hall.
Loren. 'Tis ſure the Voice of *Portia.*
Port. He knows me as the Blind Man does the Cuckow,

By

By the bad Voice. *Lorenzo*, is it you?

Loren. Madam, you are moſt welcome.

Port. We have been praying for my Lords Succeſs,
Who fares, we hope, the better for our Pray'rs:
Is he return'd?

Loren. Madam, not yet. But here are Letters from him,
Which give a good Account of his Proceeding,
And that he will be here to-night;
We were walk't out to wait his coming.

Port. Give order to my Servants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence;
And let our Muſick play, and every thing
So direct as we were here in formal Expectation
Of his return ——
This Night methinks is but the Day-light ſick;
It looks a little paler. 'Tis a Day,
Such as the Day is when the Sun is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Antonio, Gratiano, *and Followers.*

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in Abſence of the Sun?
„ My *Portia*, this was kind to meet me thus.

Port. „ O never more let any Cauſe of Grief
„ Divide my Lord and me.

[Gratiano *runs to* Neriſſa, *who diſcourſe apart.*

Baſſ. Nothing can: Here Madam is my Friend,
Let me preſent him to you: This is *Antonio*,
Whom, if you love *Baſſanio*, you muſt love.

Port. „ I ſhould behold him with a Jealous Eye,
„ Who has ſo large a Share in my Lords Heart
To Ant.] „ Having his Leave, you'll not deny me yours,
„ To make a third in Friendſhip: I doubly joy
„ That you are ſafe and here.

Ant. I thank you, Madam.

Port.

Port. „ Play all our Inſtruments of Muſick there,
„ Let nothing now be heard but ſounds of Joy,
And let thoſe glorious Orbs that we behold,
Who in their Motions, all like Angels ſing,
Still Quiring to the blew ey'd cherubims,
„ Join in the Chorus, that in Heav'n and Earth
„ One univerſal Tune may celebrate
„ This Harmony of Hearts. Soft ſtilneſs, and the Night
Become the touches of ſweet Harmony.

Muſick.

Grat. By yonder Moon and Stars, I ſwear you
wrong me;
By Heav'n, I gave it to the Lawyers Clerk.
Port. A quarrel! what, already? What's the matter?
Grat. About a Hoop of Gold, a paltry Ring ſhe
gave me,
Whoſe Poeſie was, for all the World, like Cutlers
Poetry upon a Knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*
Neriſſ. No matter for the Poeſie, or the Value;
When I gave it, you ſwore never to part with it:
If not for Love of me, yet for your Conſcience ſake;
for your Oaths ſake, ſuch vehement Oaths, you
ſhould have kept it. A Lawyer's Clerk! A fine
Invention! But well I know, the Clerk who had it
Will ne'er have Hair upon his Face.
Grat. He will, if he but live to be Man.
Neriſſ. If! If a Woman live to be a Man!
Grat. Now by this Hand, I gave it to a Youth, a
kind
Of Boy; a little ſcrubbed Boy, no higher
Than thy ſelf; the Judges Clerk; a prating
Boy, that begg'd it for a Fee.
Port. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with
you,
To make ſo ſlight of the firſt Gift of Love;

A thing ſtuck on with Oaths upon your Finger;
„ And riveted with ſolemn Proteſtations
„ Of mutual Faith: A Pledge of Truth between you:
„ Indeed you were to blame.
I gave my Lord a Ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it: And here he ſtands,
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not give it,
Or pluck it from his Finger, for the Wealth
That the whole World contains.

Baſſ. aſide.] Now were I beſt to cut my Left-hand off,
And ſwear I loſt the Ring defending it.

Grat. My Lord *Baſſanio* gave his Ring away
To the young Smock-fac'd Lawyer, who begg'd it,
„ And deſerv'd it too: And then the Boy his Clerk;
„ A little importunate Urchin, who took ſome pains
In Writing, would needs beg mine; and neither
Man nor Maſter would take any thing but the two Rings.

Port. What Ring gave you, my Lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd from me?

Baſſ. If I could add a Lye to hide a Fault,
I would deny it: But you ſee my Finger
Has not the Ring upon it; it is gone.

Port. And even as void is your falſe Heart of Truth.
By Heav'n I'll never come within your Bed
Till I have ſeen this Ring.

Neriſſ. Nor I in yours, till I ſee mine.

Baſſ. If you but knew to whom I gave this Ring,
„ For what I gave it, and for whom I gave it;
„ How much compell'd, and how unwillingly,
„ When nothing elſe would be accepted ——

Port. If you but knew the Virtue of this Ring,
„ If you had valu'd her who gave this Ring,
Or your own Honour, bound by ſolemn Oath,
„ To keep this Ring, you wou'd have dy'd, *Baſſanio*,
„ E're you had parted from it.

What

What Man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleasd to have defended it
With any ſhew of Zeal, wanted the Modeſty
To urge a thing, held as a Ceremony
„ Sacred to Truth, and to Connubial Love.
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe;
I'll dy for't, but a Woman had this Ring.

Baſſa. No, by my Honour, Madam, by my Soul,
No Woman had it; but a generous Friend:
Even he, who had held up the very Life
Of my beſt Friend. What ſhall I ſay, my *Portia*?
I was beſet with Shame and Courteſie.
Had you been there; you would your ſelf have begg'd
„ This Ring, to be diſpos'd as I diſpos'd it.

Port. Let not that Man, whoe'er he is, come near me:
Since he has got the Jewel that I priz'd:
I ſhall become as liberal as you,
And nothing can deny the Man that has it.
„ A Ring it was of wondrous Myſtery,
„ And ſanctify'd by Charms to river Love:
„ Whoever has it, has the ſure Command
„ Of me, my Perſon, and of all that's mine:
„ The dire Enchantment was ſo ſtrongly wrought;
„ One Mind directs us, and one Bed muſt hold us.
Know him I ſhall, I muſt; nay, I will know him;
„ I feel the Effects already. Watch me like *Argos*;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by my Honour, which is yet entire,
„ That Man and I are one.

Neriſſ. „ Juſt ſuch a Ring was mine:
„ Methinks I love that Lawyers Clerk already,
„ Juſt as I love my ſelf.

Baſſa. „ Forgive me this firſt Fault;
„ I'll truſt thy Honour above any Charms:
„ My Love is built upon Eſteem ſo ſtrong,
„ As cannot doubt your Virtue.

Grat.

Grat. „ I am not quite ſo liberal of good thoughts
„ But this I'll ſay, if I can catch this Clerk,
„ His Pen ſhall ſplit for't.

Anto. I am the unhappy Subject of this Quarrel
By my Perſwaſion——

Port. Sir, grieve not you;
You're welcome notwithſtanding.
[*Walks about as in a Paſſion.*

Baſſ. „ But hear me, *Portia*;
„ Pardon this Error; by my Soul, I ſwear,
„ By what is dearer to me than my Soul,
„ Your precious ſelf——

Ant. „ I dare be bound for him;
„ My life upon the Forfeit, that your Lord
„ Shall never more break Faith.

Port. „ You have been of this Surety, and
„ Have paid for't dearly.

„ *Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

„ *Port.* Then be his Surety ſtill: Here is a Ring,
„ Of the ſame Virtue, and ſo qualify'd
„ With equal Spells. This only can retrieve
„ With Counter-Magick what the other loſt.
Antonio, give him this: But make him ſwear
To keep it better.

Ant. Here, Lord *Baſſanio*: Swear to keep this Ring.

Baſſ. By Heav'n! [*Starts.*
This is the ſame I gave the Lawyer.

Port. Why ſo it is; I had it from him: „ You
„ ſee how quick an Operation is in Magick.
„ We have met already.

„ *Baſſ.* Met! how have you met!

„ *Neriſſ.* Met—why by Art Magick, to lie together:
„ Ask that ſame ſcrubbed Boy, the Lawyers Clerk.

Grat. „ Why this is worſe and worſe.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. „ *Antonio!* this was your doing. [*Angrily.*

Ant. „ Take your Revenge, and kill me.

Baſſ. „ I am anſwer'd — Is it then true,
„ And can it be; that by the ſecret Workings
„ Of Myſtick Words, and Spells, and dire Compounds,
„ Potions and Invocations horrible,
„ Nature can be ſo led? What then is Virtue?
„ And what Security has Love or Reaſon?
„ Thus ſubjected to every Hell-born Hagg,
„ Who by ſuch Conjurations can diſ-join
„ United Hearts; uniting the Averſe!
„ How, wretched Man! how can'ſt thou boaſt free Will?
„ If this in very deed be true. I'll not ſuppos't —
„ But then that Ring! How could ſhe have it: 'tis Witch craft!
„ Damn'd, damn'd Witchcraft: And I will fathom Hell,
„ But I will find a Fiend ſhall Counter-work
„ The Devil that has done this.

[Portia *and* Neriſſa *laugh.*

Port. }
Neriſſ. } Ha, ha, ha.

Grat. „ Is this true, *Neriſſa*? are we then two Scurvy Cuckcolds by Art Magick?

Port. Ha, ha, ha. Well; ſince you grow ſo ſerious,
„ I will be ſerious too: Read this *Baſſanio*;
„ The Adventure's writ at large: Look not ſo ſullen,
Lord „ but read it. *Lorenzo* here and *Jeſſica*
Can witneſs for me: I ſet out almoſt
Aſſoon as you. And am but now return'd,
„ I have not yet enter'd my Houſe: But
„ For farther proof, Clerk, give *Lorenzo*
„ The Writings ſign'd by *Shylock*.

Neriſſ. I'll give 'em without Fee: Here *Lorenzo*,

Here is a Deed of Gift to you and *Jeſſica*,
Of all the Jew your Father dies poſſeſs'd of.
„ *Loren.* See *Jeſſica*, is this his Hand?
„ *Jeſſ.* 'Tis his own ſigning.
„ *Loren.* What prodigy is this?
„ *Baſs.* I am ſtruck dumb with wonder.
„ *Grat.* Was *Portia* then the little Smerking Lawyer?
„ And *Neriſſa* the Clerk? I'll never forgive ſuch a
„ Trick. Art-Magick do you call it?
„ *Neriſſ.* Nay, but *Gratiano.*
„ *Grat.* Away, away. [*Diſpute aſide*
Port. Antonio! Here are Letters too for you;
Ask me not yet, by what ſtrange Accident
They fell into my Hands ——— but read 'em.
„ *Baſſ.* Amazement has bereft me of all Words.
Ant. Why here I read, for certain, that my ſcatter'd Ships, are ſafely all arriv'd at *Rhodes*, With their whole Cargo.
Port. Doubt it not, *Antonio*; 'Tis moſt true.
„ Virtue like yours, ſuch Patience in Adverſity,
„ And in Proſperity ſuch Goodneſs,
„ Is ſtill the Care of Providence.
„ *Ant.* My Life and Fortunes have been all your Gift;
„ Diſpoſe 'em, and command 'em, Madam,
„ As you pleaſe. [*Grat. and* Neriſſ. *advance.*
„ *Neriſſ.* What, can you bear no Jeſts, but of your own making?
„ *Grat.* You have ſo ſcar'd me with your Art-Ma-
„ gick, that I ſhall ſcarce be a true Man theſe two
„ Days; But therein ly my Revenge: And ſo ſhake
„ Hands. From this Day forwards,
„ As the moſt precious of all Gems, I ſwear!
„ *Neriſſas* Ring ſhal be *Gratianos* Care.

Port.

Port. „ All look amaz'd; in every Face I ſee
„ A thouſand Queſtions: 'Tis time we ſhould go in.
„ There will I anſwer all: Ceaſe your aſtoniſhment,
„ My Lord; by theſe ſmall Services to you
„ And to your Friends, I hope I may ſecure
„ Your Love; which, built upon meer Fancy,
„ Had elſe been ſubjected to Alteration.
„ With Age and Uſe the Roſe grown ſick and faint.
„ Thus mixt with friendly Sweets, ſecures its Scent.

Baſſ. „ The ſweets of Love ſhall here for ever blow;
„ I needs muſt Love, remembring what I owe.
„ Love, like a Meteor, ſhows a ſhort-liv'd Blaze,
„ Or treads thro' various Skies a wand'ring Maze;
„ Begot by Fancy, and by Fancy led,
„ Here in a Moment, in a Moment fled:
„ But fixt by Obligations, it will laſt;
„ For Gratitude's the Charm that binds it faſt.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.


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